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HOW THEY GO BROKE

SOME INTERESTING STORIES OF IM PECUNIOUS STATESMEN.

& la Not Unusual for Congressmen to Mortgage Their Salaries a Year in Advance Presidents Who Have Been Hard Up. Statesmen Who Were Tramp Printers

(Special Correspondence,) WASHINGTON, Aug. 25 .- It was a member of congress, a man of national repu-tation, who said to me yesterday: "I am broke and can't get home. That is the reason I am staying in Washington through the hot season." "But why don't you discount your salary a few months in advance?" I asked. "Have already done that," was the reply; "have till pay day. The judge could at any drawn my account up to Nov. 1, and time draw his salary in advance if he then will have to draw it till the end of cared to do so, but he has scruples my term in order to raise enough money to pay my campaign expenses.

"So you see I am practically mort-gaged till the 4th of next March. To maintain myself and family in Washington in the style which my position demands and my wife insists upon I have been compelled to spend not only my salary as a representative, but my income as a member of a law firm in my town and considerable money besides. I wish I had never been elected to congress, but being in I can't afford to let go without one or two more terms. Here I am broke, busted flat, unable to go to seashore or mountains and afraid to go home, because the very moment I arrive there the campaign striker will be after me with both hands."

The statesman who is broke we know very well in Washington. It is no disgrace to be without a bank account, though decidedly inconvenient. General Garfield, during his long term in congress, was nearly always out of

It is not generally known that while he was in the presidential chair General Arthur was nearly always hard up for cash. His expenses were very heavy. and ran right up with his salary. It often happened that tradesmen had to

General Grant was often "broke" be-fore the war, and he saw some pretty hard times after he left the presidential chair. Abraham Lincoln knew very years ago, when he found it necessary to let his board bill run a week or two for lack of ready cash, and when the proprietor of the Buffalo restaurant in which the future governor and president played his favorite game of penuchle used to be asked to "put it on the slate for Grover."

1 Mention of Mr. Cleveland recalls a brothers Grace in the firm of W. R. Grace & Co., and their house is worth from \$20,000,000 to \$30,000,000. One of a power in political as well as in commercial circles. Another brother is in South America, where he is a power behim out because his bill was unpaid, and hind governments and a marplot in revolutions. A third Grace is in London, where he is a very influential merchant and a member of parliament. The fourth and chief of this remarkable quartet of brothers is the ex-mayor. who is an extraordinary genius in poli-

With all his genius, Grace was once "broke." Some years ago he arrived in St. Louis without a dollar. Casting about for some means of "raising the wind," he remembered that a man amed Ryan lived in that town. He did not know Ryan, but Ryan had married a woman named Mary Moore, who had been a friend of Grace's in a New Orleans boarding house. The future mayor and millionaire merchant thought borrow enough money to get out of town with. He didn't know Ryan's first name,

joint—sawdust on the floor, greasy ta-bles, plug ugly behind the rude bar. "Are you Mr. Ryan?" inquired Grace, with his sweetest smile. "Naw; out. What yer want?" "I want to see Mr. Ryan." "Ef I ain't good enough fer ye. ait down over thar an wait." "When do you expect Mr. Ryan in?" "Mebbe five minutes; mebbe not for a week." This was not encouraging, but Grace was desperate, and so he sat down. In an hour, as luck would have it, Mr. Now he is a moderately rich man, with Ryan came in. "There's a bloke as an income of \$20,000 a year. Good luck? the proprietor entered. Ryan was a pretty tough looking customer himself, but his heart was in the right place, for too. as soon as Grace mentioned his former acquaintance with the girl who had become the divekeeper's wife Ryan took his hand and said:

"Anny man that was a friend of Mary's kin have all the money he wants

from me. See?"

And he was as good as his word. The hundred dollar loan which he made to Grace may have been the foundation of the fortune of W. R. Grace & Co.

Senator Cullom is often "dead broke." I have known him to borrow luncheon money of his committee clerk. Cullom is hard up all the time, in which he is like many other senators. Carlisle is as often hard pressed for a bit of ready get more by simply telegraphing to his est, she will become a larger and nobler good brother Henry.

I am told that Mr. Brice's "living exenses" exceed \$1,200 a week the year through. Besides his villa at Newport he has a house in New York, another in Lims, O., and he soon will have a fourth in Washington, where one of the finest and most famous houses of the city is being fitted up for him at enormous cost. It is the residence of the late W. W. Corcoran, and before that was the Swann house. The central part of it was for a short time owned and occupied by Daniel Webster, having been presented to him by his New England admirers.

Judge Holman, who saves so much of the people's money, has none of his own to save. The clerk at the hotel where the judge and his wife board tells me he is often asked for a loan of a dollar or two to tide the great economist over cared to do so, but he has scruples against that. When the sergeant-atarms' cashier ran away with congressmen's salaries two years ago and money was voted out of the treasury to make up the losses, nearly all the members took the sums due them. Judge Holman had about \$400 in the safe when it was rifled, and there is \$400 now to his credit. He says he will never draw it.

President Harrison doesn't know what it is to be hard up nowadays, for he is putting aside about \$30,000 a year out of his salary, but there was a day in which a silver dollar appeared as big to him as a cart wheel. It was just after he was married and he and Mrs. Harrison had gone to housekeeping in a cottage in the outskirts of Indianapolis. The rent was only twelve dollars a month, but the future president found it very difficult to pay even that much, and he used to walk to and from his office in order to save car fare.

We have in Washington official life a number of men who have known what money. He had an unfortunate habit it is to "tramp for a job." Amos Cummings used to be a tramp printer, and never failed to pay back, but was always in a state of perturbation lest he might fun of the thing he was more often fail to meet some obligation of this sort. tells a story of how he spruced up once on a spurt and astonished all the residents of the town of Auburn, N. Y. The night Amos reached the village, after a long and dusty ride on a coal car, there was to be a dance, for which several of wait for their pay. They were willing to do this, for the president was a good customer and his obligations were as a matter of joke than anything else. for the future congressman didn't look as if he would dare show himself in the presence of ladies.

But Amos knew all the tricks of the trade and he wanted to go to that dance. well what it was not to have a cent in the world. There were days in the life with. Then he went into the printing of Grover Cleveland, not so very many office, and with a pair of shears cut out of a piece of white cardboard one of the nestest and most immaculate shirt fronts you ever saw. Collar and cuffs of the same material followed, and a strip of rich, creamy "wedding" inlaid note paper made a very handsome necktie. The trick of mixing a little kerosene and printer's ink in just the proportion to put Mention of Mr. Cleveland recalls a good shine on an old pair of shoes Amos had learned long ago. At the ball no one showed up to better advantage or York. Grace is now a very rich man- attracted more attention from the ladies rich nobody knows. There are four than the handsome tramp printer who now represents New York in congress.

Senator Hansbrough used to be a good deal of a wanderer too. He was out in the brothers is in Australia, where he is Burlington, Ia., once "busted." He tried to get a job at typesetting, but failed. His landlord was about to turn something had to be done. Hansbrough had made the acquaintance of a Kentuckian who had brought over from his state a lot of stock to sell. He had a few common looking horses, cattle, sheep and one old "jinny." "Let me help you sell your stock," said Hansbrough to the Kentuckian. "I'll write your animals up as blooded, give their pedigrees, etc., and after you sell out at fancy prices you can give me what you can afford out of your profit." The Kentuckian jumped at the chance.

A long account of the importation of thoroughbred Kentucky stock, with an elaborate pedigree of each animal and cogent reasons why the introduction of such blood in Iowa should be encourmayor and millionaire merchant thought aged, appeared in the next number of if he could find Ryan and Mary he could Frank Hatton's Hawkeye, being printed without charge as a news item. There was a rush for the blooded stock. Fancy and there were about a hundred Ryans in the city directory.

But one of these Ryans kept a saloon on the levee, and Grace divined that this was his man because he had been \$375. Of course Hansbrough this was his man because he had kept a got a generous stake out of the profits, similar place in New Orleans. Entering and he says if the Iowa farmers who the levee saloon Grace found a tong't bought this thoroughbred stock will forgive him he will promise never to repeat

Frank Hatton knows what it is to be "broke" himself. About four years ago, after an unsatisfactory newspaper experience in Chicago, he rode into Washington on a pass. He had enough money to pay his hotel bill and other expenses for two weeks. In ten days he had bought the Washington Post, paid \$10,-000 cash on it and obtained control. an income of \$20,000 a year. Good luck? wants to see yer," said the barkeeper as Yes, and it came to a good fellow, who

> Captain Meredith, the popular superintendent of the bureau of engraving and printing, used to tramp. He was a printer also. He now has in his employ, at a good salary, a man who once helped him from Harrisburg to Pittsburg when the captain was out of luck and had walked from New York over the ties. It is no disgrace to be "broke," and

> even the man without a dollar doesn't need to abandon hope for the future or love of this splendid world. WALTER WELLMAN.

Voting Does Not Make Her Less Womanly. A woman does not give up her wifehood or her motherhood, her graces or money as any other careless wage-worker in the land. Ed Wolcott runs voter. But suffrage will increase womout of cash pretty often, but he has the an's self respect. When she considers great advantage of always being able to these higher questions of general inter-

A SHIP CANAL CONNECTING WITH LAKE ONTARIO.

It Intersects the Erie Canal at Clyde, N. Y., and Might Be Very Useful if We Had Trouble with Canada-Work Abandoned Long Ago

[Special Correspondence.] CLYDE, N. Y., Aug. 25 .- The appar-CLYDE, N. Y., Aug. 25.—The apparently strained relations existing between the old Adams farm.

F. H. VALENTINE. this country and Canada have renewed public interest in our coast and naval defenses, both maritime and inland. As in past misunderstandings with Great Britain the coast line of our Opic Read Discovers a New and Dreadgreat lakes was an important vantage ground, so would it be in case of further unpleasantness. But important as are these great inland seas, and vast as their borders, there is no means of reaching them with armored vessels excepthrough British territory. To be sure. at some points on the upper lakes there are extensive shipbuilding yards that might on occasion be impressed into building vessels for defense, but even then Lake Ontario would be isolated, as no vessel could reach it, either from the by passing through waters entirely tions and gratitude of the people. within British territory. That such a proceeding would not be permitted in time of war is evident to any one.



MAP SHOWING THE CANAL. In this connection an important work, projected and begun a half century ago but now nearly forgotten, is of interest. This was no less than the construction of a ship canal connecting with the Erie canal at Clyde, and extending north ward to Great Sodus bay, the finest na ural harbor on the south shore of Lake Ontario. This canal was chartered in 1841, and work was begun and prosecuted with more or less interruption for several years. Finally, owing princi-pally to the death of the projector and most earnest advocate, General William H. Adams, it was abandoned. Although not completed, the work accomplished remains as a memorial to the farseeing public spirit of the man who gave so much of time, money and energy toward

its prosecution. The route chosen was an admirable one, the distance being but little more than ten miles, through an almost level country. This is the same route said to have been followed by the Cayuga Indians in going to and fro between their country and Great Sodus bay, which was their port on the lake. Around this bay was the gathering place of the history of the country. In their jour path in the carpet. neyings to the interior natural water-neyings to the interior natural water-ways afforded them passage for their ways afforded them passage for their distress, and failing I placed it in the of two or thi se miles.

The projected canal left the Erie s little west of the village of Clyde, midway between the cities of Rochester and Syracuse. For some three miles it followed the straightened course of a small stream. From there on a new channel was constructed, until about five miles almost due north of the place of beginning, in the township of Rose, another natural waterway, known as Thomas creek, was encountered. This was followed for about two miles in a general northwesterly direction. This creek enters the head of Great Sodus bay, but to avoid a considerable fall lower down the stream, and also to enter the bay at deeper water, the route left the creek and turned still more to the westward. terminating in the bay at some distance from its head. The greater part of the labor expended upon the undertaking was on the middle portion of the canal where an entirely new channel was necessary, and "Adams' ditch" still furnishes a means of drainage for a large section of country which would other-wise be difficult to improve.

A sluggish stream of water still forces its way through the choking rushes and wild grasses growing in the channel. The southern portion flows south into the Clyde river and the northern into Great Sodus bay. The exact point at which the waters divide is difficult to determine. A few years since some of the flumes built in the prosecution of the work were still to be seen, but little

of them except the ruins now remains. Whether this route will ever be utilized in the manner intended by General Adams is an oven question. Its feasi-bility is assured. The Erie canal habeen considerably enlarged since the inception of the ship canal scheme, and further enlargements, have been advocated and are by no means improbable. With such enlargement vessels of sufficient tonnage for all needed protection could quickly and easily be transferred from the seaboard to the lake frontier. Such a work should of course be undertaken by the federal government. 'The expense, compared with the practical advantages, both in time of peace and in the event of war, would not be great.

Communication is now had in a limited way with the lake at Oswego. through the Syracuse and Oswego canal, but the harbor at the latter place is not to be compared with the one at Great Sodus bay, upon which the federal government has already spent and is annually spending large sums. Immense piers and breakwaters have been constructed and substantial lighthouses contain the most improved apparatus known to modern science. Within the bay itself a vast fleet could safely anchor, the deep, landlocked waters affording a secure harbor from the most violent storms. The peculiar configuration of the surrounding land offers unsurpassed opportunity for fortification and de-Sodus point, at the confluence

AN OLD WATER ROUTE of the bay with the 1 , is an important strategic point. In the war of 1812 many were the attacks made upon it by the British. It was defended largely by the sturdy yeoman soldiery, who alternated the peaceful occupation of making homes in the wilderness with the more exciting one of repelling the hated

foreign foe. The weather beaten old mansion of General Adams is still a familiar landmark on an elevation near the starting point of his pet project. It is used as a tenant house by the present owner of

EQUESTRIMANIA.

ful Malady.

[Special Correspondence.] CHICAGO, Aug. 25 .- When T. P. Lemmuck was brought to trial hundreds of is the territory exposed to attack along people who ordinarily seemed not to care for the excitement of a criminal court thronged into the room. Lemmuck was well connected. His father had been a town marshal and at on: time had been a prominent candidate for constable of the Eighteenth district Simpson county, Ky., but was defeated by Bill S. Marcus, who just before the election shot a mad dog and thus lifted upper lakes or from the ocean, except himself to a secure place in the affec-

T. P. Lemmuck was arrested on the charge of stealing a horse, and the evidence was so conclusive that the judge offered to bet that a verdict of guilty would be rendered. Just before the charge was delivered to the jury Lemmuck asked permission to make a statement, and as no objections were offered the young man arose and spoke as fol-

"I am prepared to interest if not startle the scientific world. I acknowledge that I stole the horse, and I assert that I could not help it. Gentlemen, I am the victim of a disease which I shall term equestrimania, and with your permission I will explain myself. Several years ago, just after I was graduated from the Pennyroyal university, I discovered one evening that a peculiar weight had fallen upon my mind. So far as I could discover, there was no cause for such a depression.

"I was well educated, I was engaged to marry a lovely young woman and had a fair account with a well known bank. And above all other reasons why I should feel lightness of heart, my health was excellent. Yet my spirits were heavy and I was miserable. I consulted a physician and he dismissed me with a blue pill. I called on a Christian Scientist and was told to believe that I was restored to gayety. But my spirits were constantly growing heavier. In the deepest despair I went to my room one night, and as I lay upon my uneasy bed the thought that I was suffering for something suddenly came to me, and then I sought to discover what that something was. It wasn't whisky—I loathed the idea of getting drunk. It wasn't gambling, for I hated the mere suggestion of chance. What could it be? I different tribes of Indians in the early got up and walked until I had worn a

> cradle of my fancy and sought to soothe it into compliance. I lay down again and suddenly a light, glaring and horrible, fell upon me. And in that light I saw the diagnosis of my disease equestrimania. I knew that relief lay only in my stealing a horse. I had no need of a horse, and just at that moment I would not have given ten cents for a Maud S, but I would have risked my life for the chance of stealing a flea bitten colt. But I did not surrender without a struggle; I was resolved to battle against the awful appetite. The next day I called upon the young woman who was to be my wife.

toward her. 'Last week you were a knight to me,' she said. 'But now,' I broke in, 'I am a day of commonplace things.' 'Yes,' she replied, 'and why?' Because,' I answered, giving her an imploring look, 'I must steal a horse!' I shall never forget her pleading. 'Oh, it 's but a nightmare!' she cried, and I could only gasp, 'It is any sort of a starlight nag.' 'If you really feel that you must steal a horse, love,' she supplicated, 'steal mine and no harm can come. I will swear that I gave it you.' Nay,' I replied, 'that would not be a theft, and this terrible thirst tells me that I must steal.' 'Then, if you must,' she exclaimed, 'you no longer have a claim upon me.' And so I left her. I went over into Bracken county and stole an old yellowish horse with harness marks upon him. I rode him fif-teen miles and sold him for ten dollars. "I returned home perfectly relieved.

"She complained of my indifference

My mind was clear and my appetite was appreciative. I resumed work on a book I had in progress, 'The Ethics of Moral Philosophy,' and found it a keen pleasure. I did not attempt to renew my obligations with the young woman, for although I was firmly resolved never to steal again, yet I did not know but the disease might come upon me at some future time. Well, I must have gone for three months before I felt the slightest indication of a return of the malady, but one night it seized me again. I wondered if I could not cool myself off by stealing something light. Why not steal cats until this awful craving should pass away? I would make the experi-

"I began to steal cats, and I confess that my appetite was for a time appeased, but after awhile I found that cats were not strong enough, and then I stole a dog. This satisfied me some-what, and I went on stealing dogs for several days, but at last the craving for something stronger came upon me with such force that I was compelled to steal a horse. This time I was arrested, and

The judge in his charge to the jury said that it was a very peculiar case, and the jurymen agreed with him to the extent that Mr. Lemmuck needed five years' treatment at a well known insti-OPIE READ.



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